

MISCELLANEOUS

It Makes You Hungry

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It has invigorated the system and made me a new man. It improves the appetite and facilitates digestion." J. T. CORLAND, Proprietor.

Spring medicine means more now-a-days than it did ten years ago. The winter of 1888-89 has left the nerves all agape. The nerves must be strengthened, the blood purified, liver and bowels regulated. Paine's Celery Compound—the Spring medicine of the day—does all this, as nothing else can. Prescribed by Physicians, Recommended by Druggists, Endorsed by Ministers, Guaranteed by the Manufacturer.

The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine."

Paine's Celery Compound

Is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect. It gives that rugged health which makes everything taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it.

Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES

Color anything any color. Never Fades! Always Available!

LACTATED FOOD

For Infants and Invalids. The Physicians' Favorite.

Carriages and Phaetons.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE FINEST LOT OF DOUBLE AND SINGLE CARRIAGES, BUGGIES AND PHAETONS ever brought to this market. They are from the reliable house of

U. S. CARRIAGE COMPANY

of Columbus, Ohio.

And all work is guaranteed to be first-class in every particular.

If you want a buggy cheap or a single or double carriage, or are in need of a stylish phaeton, call and examine my stock. These wagons must be sold, and I venture the assertion that you will

Save at Least 25 per cent

By trading with me.

I also carry a large stock of IRON AXLES and HARDWOOD in endless variety, and at

A General Blacksmithing Business.

Shop Cor. 4th and Sierra Sts.,

RENO, NEVADA.

Give me a call and be convinced.

W. J. LUKE.

Go to

S. J. Hodgkinson's

Drug Store

For

Fresh Garden Seeds.

Virginia Street,

Reno.

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DEAD-SHOT JIM'S FIGHT.

A Western Hunter's Terrible Encounter

They called him "Dead-Shot Jim." Leaning on his rifle, his bright dagger glinting in his belt, he told this story of an encounter with a panther to a San Francisco Examiner reporter: "My two dogs had treed the animal on the other side of the deep gulch which I would have to cross on a shaky fallen tree to reach him. I worked my way to the fallen tree and started to cross it. I went very slowly, as the log was quite slippery. My dogs had ceased their noise when I first came in view, but just as I was about half way across the bridge they began to bark more fiercely than ever. I thought that perhaps the animal had seen me and was about to jump out of the tree and make his escape. I stopped in my dangerous wait, and, standing myself, looked up into the tree. Great Scott! I had seen a great many panthers before and had killed a few, but the one I saw looking at me from the branches of the oak was larger and fiercer than any I had ever seen or heard tell about. He lay crouched along a branch about midway to the top of the oak, and stared at me with great eyes that gleamed like balls of fire. From the moment he first beheld me he paid the most of the log on which I was best I could on the slippery tree, I raised the rifle to my shoulder and aimed for the center of the brute's head. Just as I pressed the trigger a piece of rotten bark that I was standing on gave way and I slipped. At the moment when the rifle vomited its load of fire and lead. In saving myself from falling the empty gun slipped from my grasp to the rocks below, and I would have followed it had I not luckily fallen astride of the tree. I drew my hunting-knife from my belt, and began to do so when the panther gave a shriek of mingled pain and rage, and the next moment he bounded from his perch and landed on the ground within three feet of me. He sprang at me with a roar, and the ball from my rifle had made a slight wound in the brute's head, the blood from which ran into his eyes, making him look terrible in his maddened fury. His eyes were fastened on me, and I knew that his next spring would bring him within a foot or two of where I sat. My faithful dogs were by this time at the rear of the infuriated beast, and before he could leap upon me they attacked him boldly. He turned with a flash, and with a yell of defiance struck one of the dogs with a blow which his powerful claws that knocked the poor pup dead into the river below. The other dog had got a grip on one of the panther's hind legs and held on gamely. The next moment the dog and the panther were rolling on the ground in a struggle for the mastery. The huge beast threw up clouds of earth and dead leaves with his sharp claws, and for a time the combatants were lost to view in the dust. The struggle soon ceased, and through the falling leaves I saw the writhing dog between the jaws of the panther. The jaws came together and I could hear the crunching of bones, and in another moment the limp body of the dog was thrown on the ground. The panther was now thoroughly enraged. Giving his head a shake to free his eyes from the blood and dirt, he gave a yell that nearly froze my blood, and crouched for a spring. I grasped my knife firmly in my right hand, and, steadying myself with my left, awaited his attack. It came. The long, lithe body flashed through the air, and the next moment I was sitting face to face with the infuriated beast. Leaping forward quickly I plunged the knife into the panther's side, and he uttered a low, hoarse cry, and, with a yell, he leaped into the air. The hot blood spurted into my face. I felt the breath of the panther on my cheek, and then the powerful paws, armed with the long, sharp nails, rose in the air and then descended on my chest. I felt the sharp claws burning through my flesh. The knife fell from my weakened grasp and bounded on the rocks to the river below. I felt my brain whirling. I made a desperate grab at the panther before me, and, locked in a close embrace, we rolled off the log and fell together on the rocks below. The panther was far down the horizon when I recovered consciousness. I was not very seriously hurt, for in the fall I landed on top of the panther, which saved me from having my bones broken. The huge beast lay dead on the rocks beside me. My knife had touched his heart, and no doubt he was dead before he struck the rocks."

The Average American.

An observant citizen makes the following calculation, which is given for what it is worth: Out of every ten average American men one will take the wrong side of the walk, two will stand in the door of a car if there is no seat, three will sport a toothpick in their mouths in public, four will expectorate in public places, five will carry an umbrella horizontally under their arm in the street, six will cross their legs in a car, seven will fail to remove their hat in a down-town elevator when a lady enters, eight will forget to shut a car-door when they go in or out, nine will risk their lives to catch a train when they could just as well wait for the next one, and the whole lot will growl all their lives at public nuisances without doing any thing to abate them.

Women as Farmers.

It is said that there are between 1,500 and 2,000 women in the Northwest who are interested in ranch and stock property. Many acknowledge their brands over their own names, while others are interested in stock raising under other names and in which they are silent partners.

A Memory of Thad. Stevens.

Thaddeus Stevens had two weaknesses: An unconquerable love for poker and a heart so tender that he would give his last cent to relieve distress. Between the two he was usually very far from "flush." One night he had a run of luck at cards, came out winner to the amount of an even \$100, and when his checks were cashed he received a crisp new bill of that denomination. Next morning he went to the Capital at the usual time, and was there waylaid by a soldier's widow, who had a piteous tale of sorrow and suffering to relate. Stevens put his hand in his pocket, found the \$100 bill—it was all he had—and handed it to the astonished widow. A fellow-member was standing by, who had seen the game the night before and knew where the money came from. Stevens caught his eye, smiled, and by way of explanation said: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

A New French Dish.

An Italian cook has devised a new dish, "perfumed eggs," in which the flavor of violets or roses is faintly imparted by rubbing the dish with the desired extract.

JUDGE JOHN LYNCH.

Man Who First Popularized Swift Retribution.

How the Services Which He Rendered the Proud Dominion of Virginia Are Appreciated by the Present Generation.

Says the Lynchburg (Va.) correspondent of the Inter Ocean: While chatting with an old antiquarian in his cool library this afternoon, I casually inquired why this town came by its peculiar suggestive name. "Did the original judge of dreadful fame ever live here?" I asked.

"Yes, he did," replied the old gentleman, with brightening eyes that revealed delight in the topic. Judge Lynch must fairly be called the founder of the city, and it makes me angry to see all these newspaper stories, not only locating him in other States, but condemning his mode of procedure as infamous and brutal.

"Then you believe in the summary method of dealing with sinful men?"

"Not so fast, young lady, not so fast," said the old Virginia, smiling. "I will tell you the story just as I had it from my grandfather, who was proud of his acquaintance with that shrewd forerunner who wiped the crime of horse-stealing, for which the State was growing famous, right out."

Why, Virginians were notorious for the crime of horse-stealing, and even taught the trade of acquiring them to the Cherokees and Chickasaws, much to the disgust and shame of the better class of citizens.

"When was this?" queried my correspondent.

"Not long before the revolutionary war, and at that time there were quite a number of that splendid race, the Scotch-Irish, settled here. Shrewd and brave, cautious, yet daring, dashing, but prudent, honest and energetic, every man of them proved a great blessing to the settlement, and not a few became famous, such as General Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, John Calhoun, Sam Houston, David Crockett, Robert Fulton, Patrick Henry, and many others. One day, in rambling about the head of the James river, he found a gap in the mountains on either side of the water, which, it struck him, would make a capital crossing point for travelers, and forthwith he drove his property across to the other side, after a few weeks and a scow, established a primitive ferry. The horse thieves were among the first to take advantage of the new convenience, and young Lynch, himself scrupulously honest, was disgusted and humiliated to have to take them across at this time the country was sparsely settled, courts were few and jails far apart. The evil continued to increase; finally the ferry became the favorite means of escape for the stock-dealers, and John Lynch, thoroughly aroused, proposed to put an end to it."

"What could he do single-handed?"

"Well, I will tell you what he actually did. He applied to the Governor of Virginia for a commission to act as a justice of the peace. His reputation for honesty and good judgment was beyond a doubt, and his commission was granted. He was qualified and became a judge. The first use he made of his power was to appoint some special constables and engage a few sharp detectives. They at once began work with such success that gang after gang was captured."

"Did they have no trial?"

"Yes. They were brought before Judge Lynch, and he never acted until he was positive of their guilt, and his knowledge of the men and the country was an immense advantage to him."

"If he found them guilty he would, according to the law, require a good bond, which, of course, the scoundrels could never get, and when that form was completed with would start them off, well guarded, to some far-away jail. The constables knew what the order of march meant, and as soon as they found the scoundrels, a thick wood chose a stout tree, and with a good rope which they carried created a temporary scaffold, from which the horse thieves quickly dangled. Hanging was the legal punishment for horse stealing in those days, but the promptness and dispatch with which Judge Lynch meted out justice at the very door terrorized the evil-doers of the country, and between those he hung and those who fled, in two years there was not a horse thief in Virginia."

"And what became of Judge Lynch?"

"He continued to live near the ferry, round which a large village grew up under the name of Lynch's ferry, and not until long after his death did it become Lynchburg. During his long life he was honored and upheld, but since then it has altogether lost its original character and meaning. Now, as I understand it, it is merely the infuriated impulse of a rough mob, who, without waiting for the law at hand to prove innocent or guilty, decide on it according to their own inclination, and take a life perhaps more unblemished than their own."

"No," concluded the old gentleman, "John Lynch did this State a service in ridding it of a lot of miscreants, whom, for him, were out of the reach of the law, but were living no one would be quicker than he to resent this barbarous mob fashion of putting a man to sudden death when the law, the courts, the prison and the scaffold are close at hand to mete out justice and punishment."

A Memory of Thad. Stevens. Thaddeus Stevens had two weaknesses: An unconquerable love for poker and a heart so tender that he would give his last cent to relieve distress. Between the two he was usually very far from "flush." One night he had a run of luck at cards, came out winner to the amount of an even \$100, and when his checks were cashed he received a crisp new bill of that denomination. Next morning he went to the Capital at the usual time, and was there waylaid by a soldier's widow, who had a piteous tale of sorrow and suffering to relate. Stevens put his hand in his pocket, found the \$100 bill—it was all he had—and handed it to the astonished widow. A fellow-member was standing by, who had seen the game the night before and knew where the money came from. Stevens caught his eye, smiled, and by way of explanation said: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, New York.

OREGON KIDNEY TEA

FOR URINARY AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.

DR. HENLEY'S DANDELION TONIC

AN ELEGANT APPETIZER.

CURES INDIGESTION.

DUTARD'S SPECIFIC

FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES.

THE STARK MEDICINE CO.

PORTLAND, OR.

Sold by Wm. F. Fingler.

RICHARD HERZ,

Watches,

Diamonds,

Jewelry.

Lowest Prices.

LARGEST STOCK!

THE ONLY HOUSE IN RENO which makes a specialty of

ENGRAVING,

DIAMOND SETTING,

FINE WATCH REPAIRING.

Over 15,000 Watches repaired in Nevada.

VIRGINIA ST. RENO

C. NOVACOVICH. H. J. BERRY.

BERRY & NOVACOVICH,

DEALERS IN

FANCY GROCERIES

Green and Dried Fruits, Vegetables,

Hardware, Crockery,

Wines, Liquors, Tobacco and Cigars.

ALL THE NOVELTIES IN FANCY Groceries. No need to send away for choice goods. Cash trade solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

CONNERS' EASTERN ADDITION

TO RENO.

Over 200 Choice Lots

For Sale at Reasonable Rates

On the thoroughfare in the most desirable portion of Reno, opposite the Reduction Works and running up to the business center of the town.

Apply to STEPHEN CONNER.

A. AITKIN,

Marble and Granite Works,

423 J. BET. FOURTH AND FIFTH

streets,

SACRAMENTO.

Monuments, Tomb and Grave

Stones.

Direct Importers of Scotch Granite Monuments.

ALSO Marble, Slate, Wooden and Iron

Manicled direct from manufacturers, at reduced prices.

Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful!

CERPHALINE, A NEW AND WON-

derful remedy for Headache. Cures the

very worst cases almost instantly. It con-

tains no narcotic and is perfectly harmless.

Try it, no cure, no pay. Price, 5¢ per bottle.

For sale by all druggists.

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RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Daily, one year (by mail) \$6.00
Weekly, one year (by mail) 3.00
Daily, delivered by carrier to any part of Reno (per week) .25

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
Daily, one square for one month \$2.50
Weekly, one square for one month 1.25
The above rates include both legal and commercial work.

Saturday, June 1, 1889

5 O'CLOCK EDITION.

As the GAZETTE is growing, and Mr. Bragg, feeling that it was too great a strain upon him to have the editorial, business and mechanical department to look after, has sold a two-fifths interest to A. O. Porter, a practical printer, and a man who has been connected with the GAZETTE for a number of years. We believe that we will be able now to make a better paper than ever before. Mr. Bragg will continue in charge of the business and editorial departments, and Mr. Porter has the management of the mechanical department. With this combination we hope to grow until the GAZETTE becomes a part of Reno and the State's very existence. We shall try hard to earn all that is paid us in the way of advertising, and will make the GAZETTE indispensable to the farmer, stock-raiser, merchant and mechanic throughout the State.

Not a Necessity.

The Battle Mountain Nevada in commenting upon the need of the State says: From all accounts there is a very strong pressure being brought to bear to secure the expenditure of \$20,000 of the University appropriation for the erection of a dormitory. The natural ambition of the citizens of a town like Reno causes them to encourage such expenditures often before any real necessity exists, and it devolves upon the taxpayers of the State, and perhaps upon the newspapers more particularly, to keep a watchful eye upon public institutions and see that the appropriations are wisely used. We find a general sentiment among those best informed upon University affairs that the erection of a dormitory at this time is premature. There is no demand from any quarter that we can hear of and we don't know of a scholar that would be induced to attend by it. The investment of a large fixed capital is not desirable in any business unless it is all needed and all used, and we should think that a sense of duty to the State at large would cause the managers of the University to make haste slowly in an outlay so large as that proposed. It is not demonstrated yet what the needs of the University may be, and to rush ahead in such a blind way is to invite disaster.

Our dispatches to-day bring the news of one of the most heartrending catastrophes that ever visited this or any other country. A dam breaks away and lets its stored-up water down through a thickly settled narrow Pennsylvania valley, stripping it of several towns and annihilating some 3,000 people. It seems that it was to be so, for the inhabitants were warned of impending danger and begged to go to the table lands, but they simply laughed at the idea, and remained in their homes to meet death at the hands of the swelling waters let loose from their confinement to go bounding down seeking a level. To add to the horror a fire broke out and 100 or more perished in the flames. At this distance it is impossible to realize the magnitude of the awful calamity. To think, however, of 3,000 souls being swept away in a night is enough to make one's blood run cold.

The Flood in New York State.
ELMIRA, N. Y., June 1.—The flood has reached the highest mark ever known here. The Chemung river is still rising an inch every five minutes, and miles of the flat land with the growing crops are under water and immense damage is being done. Houses and bridges are floating down the stream. The fire department was called out at 3 o'clock to rescue the inmates of the houses in the eastern part of the city.

Bank Statement.
New York, June 1.—The weekly bank statement shows that the receipts have decreased \$450,000, while the specie decrease is \$1,792,000. The banks now hold \$14,605,000 in excess of the rule.

Bar silver, 91 1/2.

HORRIFYING!

3,000 People Killed and Drowned!

A Dam on a Pennsylvania Lake Gives Way,

CAUSING GREAT DISASTER

Frightful Rainstorm the Cause.

MOST HEARTRENDING SCENES.

A Fire Breaks Out to Add to the Horror,

By which Many People Lose their Lives.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES TO THE GAZETTE.]

PITTSBURG, May 31.—A sudden freshet is reported in the north fork of the river east of Johnstown, Pa., in the Allegheny Mountains. Two-thirds of Johnstown is said to be under water, and railroad and telegraph lines have been washed out. Pittsburgh has had no wire communication with Johnstown for three hours.

It is said that the reservoir above the town broke about 5 o'clock this evening, and an immense volume of water rushed down to the city, carrying with it death and destruction. Houses, with their occupants, were swept away and many people drowned. There is no communication with Johnstown, but the telegraph operator in the Pennsylvania railroad tower at Sand Hollow, twelve miles this side of Johnstown, says that at least seventy-five dead bodies have floated past.

The reservoir or dam at South Fork, which is said to have burst with such terrible results, is described by a gentleman acquainted with the locality in which it was situated. It had been owned for several years by a number of Pittsburgh gentlemen, who used it as a fishing ground. The gentleman who gave this information said that if the report of the bursting of the dam was true he had no doubt that the damage and loss of life was fully as great as indicated in these dispatches.

In order to understand the nature of this calamity it is necessary to describe the respective locations of the reservoir at Johnstown. It lies about two and a half miles northeast of Johnstown, and is on the site of the old reservoir which was one of the feeders of the Pennsylvania canal. This sheet of water was formerly known as Conemaugh lake. It is from 200 to 300 feet above the level of Johnstown in the mountains. It is about 3 1/2 x 1 1/2 miles in length and width, and in some places it is 100 feet in depth. It holds more water than any reservoir, natural or artificial, in the United States. The lake has been quadrupled in size by artificial means, and was held in check by a dam 700 to 1,000 feet long. It is 90 feet in thickness at the base, and its height is 110 feet.

Recognizing the menace which the lake held to the region below, the South Fork Club, which owned the reservoir, had the dam inspected once a month by Pennsylvania railroad engineers, and their investigation showed that nothing less than some extraordinary convulsion would tear the barrier away and loose the weapon of death.

From the best information obtainable at this time it is evident that something in the nature of a cloud-burst must have been the culmination of the struggle of the water against the embankment.

The course of the torrent from the broken dam at the foot of the lake to Johnstown is almost 18 miles, and

with the exception of one point the water passed through the narrow-shaped valley. Four miles below the dam lay the town of South Fork, where the South Fork itself empties into the Conemaugh river. The town contained about 200 inhabitants. It has not been heard from, but it is said that four-fifths of it has been swept away.

Four miles further down, on the Conemaugh river, which runs parallel with the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, was the town of Mineral Point. It had 800 inhabitants, 90 per cent of the houses being on a flat and close to the river. It seems impossible at this time to hope that any of them have escaped.

Six miles further down was the town of Conemaugh, and here alone there was a topographical possibility for the spreading of the flood and breaking of its force. It contained 2,500 inhabitants, and must be almost wholly devastated.

Woodvale, with 2,000 people, lay a mile below Conemaugh in a flat, and one mile further down were Johnstown and its cluster of sister towns—Cambria City and Conemaughborough, with a total population of 30,000, on made ground—and stretched along the right at the river verge were the immense works of the Cambria Iron and Steel Company, who have \$5,000,000 invested in their plant. Besides this there are many other large industrial establishments on the bank of the river—how badly damaged cannot be estimated.

FLORENCE, Pa., June 1.—One hundred bodies have been recovered at Ninevah.

Seventy persons are reported burned to death in the fire at Johnstown Bridge.

W. N. Hays has just returned from Johnstown and reports the town annihilated.

CONEMAUGH, Pa., June 1.—The wrecked Cambria City is swept away. Fully 1,200 lives are lost.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—Persons returning from the scene of the disaster say that fully 3,000 people lost their lives.

It is stated at the office of the Pennsylvania Railroad this morning that the deaths would reach into the thousands. The string of human beings swept before the angry floods was something most pitiful to behold. Men, women and children were carried along, frantically shrieking for help, but rescue was impossible.

Husbands were swept from their wives, and children were borne along at terrible speed to certain death before the eyes of their frantic parents.

It is said at the depot that it is impossible to estimate the number of lives lost. It would simply be a matter of conjecture for several days as to who were lost or who were saved.

NEW FLORENCE, Pa., June 1.—Sand Hollow is the nearest point to Johnstown that can be reached this morning. It is impossible to secure definite information, but there seems to be no doubt that Johnstown is inundated and fully one thousand lives lost.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1.—1:30 A. M.—News just received from Bolivar says two-story houses, barns, stables, a whole forest of trees, out-houses, smoke-houses, railroad bridges, county bridges, rafts, inverted skiffs and driftwood by the acre was floating by, from all of which imploring hands were stretched out to those on the banks, willing but impotent to help.

At Lockport, two miles east, twenty persons have been taken from the flood.

BOLIVAR, Pa., June 1.—2 A. M.—A reliable courier has just arrived from Johnstown and says there are at least 1,500 lives lost there.

NEW FLORENCE, Pa., June 1.—The gray morning light does not seem to show either hope of mitigation of the awful fears of the night. The Associated Press correspondent drove across the mountains. New Florence is fourteen miles from the scene of devastation at Johnstown.

The weary, overworked newspaper men, who have been without rest and food since yesterday afternoon, and the telegraphers, who handle the messages, are even now preparing for the work of the day.

Even here, so far from the washed-out town, horror is in our midst.

Seven bodies have been found on the shore near this town and two in a tree, a man and a woman, where the tide carried them.

The country people are coming in large numbers telling stories of the

disaster along the river banks in sequestered places.

John McCartney, who lives in Johnstown, reached here at 4 o'clock. He left Johnstown at half past 4 yesterday, and says the scene was indescribable. The people had been warned early in the morning to move to high land, but did not heed the warning, although repeated a number of times up to 1 o'clock, when the water poured into Cider street several feet deep. Then the houses began rocking to and fro, and finally the force of the current carried the buildings across the streets to the vacant lots and dashed them against each other, breaking them into fragments. These buildings were freighted with poor wretches who so shortly before laughed at the cry of danger.

McCartney says in some cases he counted as high as fifteen persons clinging to buildings. It is impossible to get to Johnstown proper to-day in any manner except in row boats. The only hope is to get within about three miles of Johnstown by a special train or by hand-car. This will be done by the Associated Press agent within the next hour.

NEW FLORENCE, June 1.—The waters are now receding as rapidly as they rose last night, and as the banks uncover, the dead are showing up. Already nine dead bodies, five of them women, have been picked up within the limits of this borough since daylight. None are yet recognized.

One beautiful woman 25 years old had clasped in her arms her babe six months old. The dead body of a young man was discovered in the branches of a huge tree which had been carried down the stream.

All orchard crops and shrubbery along the banks of the river are destroyed.

The body of another woman has just been discovered in the river here. Her foot was discovered above the surface of the water, and a rope was fastened about it, and it is now tied to a tree awaiting assistance to land it.

John L. Webber and wife, an old couple, and Mike Metzger and John Forney were rescued near here this morning. They had been carried from their home in Cambria City on the roof of a house. Seven others were on the roof when carried off, and all were drowned. They are unknown to Webber, they having drifted onto the roof from the floating debris. Webber and his wife were thoroughly exhausted and almost helpless from exposure, and were unable to walk when taken from the roof.

The banks of both sides of the river are crowded with the anxious watching, and with horrifying frequency their vigils are rewarded by the discovery of a dead body. Within the last half hour three floating bodies have been recovered at this point. Hundreds of people from Johnstown and up river towns are hurrying here in search of friends and relatives swept away by last night's flood. The most intense excitement prevails, and the street corners are crowded with pale and anxious people who tell of the awful calamity with bated breath.

The bodies are being prepared for burial, but will be held here for identification. Four boys have just come from the river bank above here; they say that on the opposite side a number of bodies can be seen lying in the mud.

They found the body of a woman on this side.

R. E. Rodgers, Justice of the Peace of Ninevah, wired the Coroner at Greensburg that one hundred dead bodies were found at that place. From this one can estimate that the loss will reach over 1,000 and perhaps more.

No one knows, and no one can guess, the sickening sight that is expected to be met by the correspondents when they arrive at the scene. A report is just received that twenty persons are on an island near Ninevah, and that a man and woman are on a partly submerged tree.

Report has just reached here that at least one hundred people were consumed in the flames at Johnstown last night. It is said to have been an awful horror, but information cannot be obtained here.

The air is filled with thrilling and almost incredible stories, but none of them have as yet been confirmed. It is certain, however, that the worst cannot be imagined.

There has grown up a bitter feeling among the surviving sufferers against those who owned the lake and dam,

and damage suits will be plentiful.

It is impossible to tell what the loss of life will be, but at 9 o'clock the Coroner of Westmoreland county sent a messenger saying that 100 bodies have been recovered at Ninevah. Sober minded people do not hesitate to say that 1,200 loss is moderate.

"How can anybody tell how many are dead?" said a railroad engineer this morning. "I have been at Sand Hollow since 11 o'clock yesterday and have seen fully 500 persons lost in the flood."

J. W. Esch, a brave railroad employee, saved sixteen lives. The most awful culmination of the awful night was the roasting of a hundred or more persons in the mid-flood. The ruins of houses, outbuildings and other structures swept against the new railroad bridge at Johnstown, and from an overturned stove or some such cause the upper part of the wreckage caught fire.

There were crowds of men, women and children on the wreck and their screams were added to the awful chorus of the horror. They were literally roasted in the flood. Soon after the fire had burned itself out, others were thrown against the mass. There were fifty people in sight when the ruins parted and broke up and swept under the bridge into the pitchy darkness. The latest news from Johnstown is that but one or two houses could be seen in town. Also that only three houses remain in Cambria City.

NEW FLORENCE, June 1.—The first authentic news was from W. N. Hays of the Pennsylvania Company, who reached New Florence at 9 o'clock. He says the valley towns are annihilated. The Associated Press now has the only wire between New Florence and Pittsburgh. A hospital train arrived at 11 o'clock.

SAND HOLLOW, Pa., June 1.—What a journey was that of the last half hour! Swollen, awful corpses lay here and there on piles of cross-trees or on the river banks. About 9 o'clock the first passenger train since Friday reached the New Florence depot with a load of eager passengers. The men were staring out of the windows with red eyes. Among them were tough-looking Hungarians and Italians, who lost friends near Ninevah, while many were weeping on all sides. Two of the passengers on the train were a man and wife from Johnstown. The little woman said: "Ours is a big new brick house; it is a three-story house and I don't think there is any trouble, do you?" "There are my four children in the house and their nurse, and I guess father and mother will go over to the house, don't you?"

In a few moments all those in the car knew the story of the pair, and many pitying glances were cast at them. Their house was one of the first to go.

At 9:30 the first train passed New Florence going east. It was crowded with people from Pittsburgh and places en route going to the scene of the disaster, with little hope of finding their loved ones alive. It was a heartrending sight, and there was not a dry eye on the train. Mothers moaned for their children; husbands paced the aisles and wrung their hands in mute agony; fathers pressed their faces against the windows in vain endeavor to see something, they knew not what. They knew in a measure of the dreadful fate of their loved ones. All along the raging Conemaugh, the train stopped, and bodies were taken to the express car, carried by the villagers from out along the banks.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—The bodies from the scene of the disaster have begun to arrive here.

The body of an old woman was taken from the river at this city at 10 o'clock this morning. Four other bodies were seen, but, owing to the mass of wreckage coming down the river, they could not be rescued, and passed down the Ohio river.

A citizen's meeting has been called to devise means to aid the sufferers of the Johnstown flood.

CHICAGO, June 1.—Police Captain Fitzpatrick received a telegram from Sand Hollow to-day from his brother P. E. saying that Rose Brady, Captain Fitzpatrick's sister, James Brady, the husband, Ellen Brady, a daughter, and Mary Fitzpatrick and her three children were all drowned in the Johnstown flood; also, some of the family of another brother, Robert, who has nine children.

New Trial Granted.
Special to the GAZETTE.]
SAN FRANCISCO, June 1.—The Supreme Court has granted a new trial to Dr. Bowers, convicted of the murder of his wife by giving her phosphorus. The Court says there was no evidence showing that the accused had phosphorus in his possession, and, moreover, there is evidence that the fatal illness of Mrs. Bowers was the result of a miscarriage by her own act.

Dr. Bowers was seen at the county jail a few minutes after the decision of the Supreme Court had been made known. "I have just heard that I am to have a new trial," said Dr. Bowers. "A decision to this effect has been expected, and I am not surprised."

"I suppose you will want a trial as soon as possible," was asked by the reporter.

"Naturally. I have been here three years and a half, and am anxious to return to my work. I think now that the Court should allow me to be released on bail, and I will make an effort to this end."

"What will be the line of your defense?"

"We will set up the genuineness of Benhayon's confession and prove that he committed suicide. The result of the Dimming trial goes to prove these points. With these points and the additional evidence, which was not brought out at the first trial, I think my defense will be complete."

An Unsettled Market.
NEW YORK, June 1.—The resolution of the Board of Exchange shutting off the tickers was carried into effect this morning, and almost completely checked business. The market opened quiet and steady and after the first quarter of an hour business was almost at a stand-still, and would have been without a feature but for a strong movement in Union Pacific and Wildcat stocks. Little attempt was made the first few minutes to send out prices by members of the Exchange and everything at 11 o'clock was decidedly mixed.

Additional telegraph on third page.

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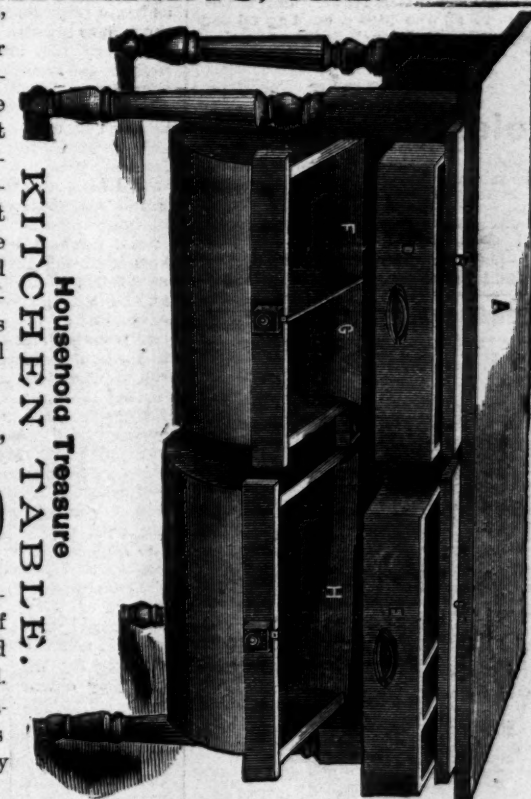
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Sunday, June 2d. TICKETS FOR ROUND TRIP, \$2.00

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Tickets for sale at all bookstores

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